### The Hall Room Boys. BUGVILLE.

### BRAGGO THE MONK.



LET'S TAKE A STROLL UP THE BEACH AND WATCH THE SUNRISE.













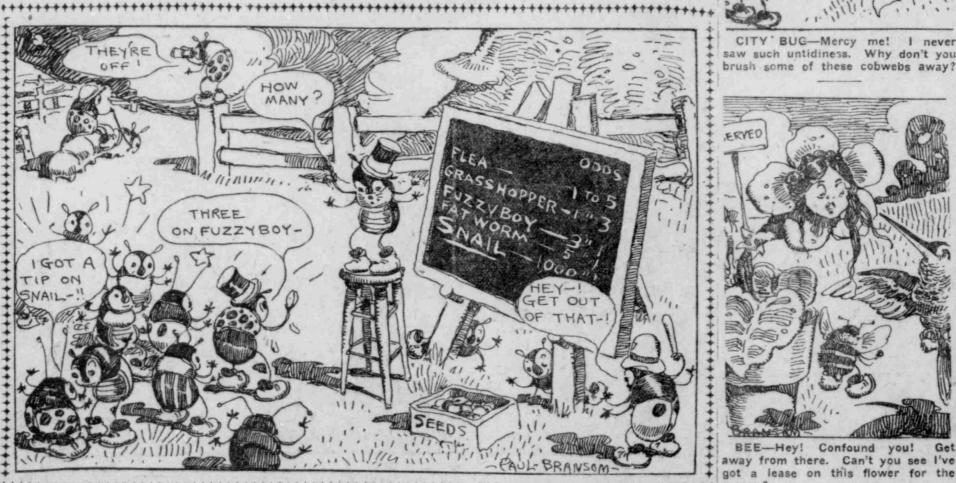




## AT THE BUGVILLE RACE TRACK

They Go to Rasbury Park to Spend the Fourth.

YES - IT WILL BE GLORIOUS.



# BEE-Hey! Confound you!

away from there. Can't you see I've

### HELP WANTED HERE.



### DOES IT PAY? WHAT'S THE USE?



1. You realize that you have an inborn talent for music. You resolve to cultivate this talent for the benefit of yourself and those with whom you come in contact socially. You select the cornet as your medium of expression.



2. You practise insistently and faithfully, early and late, in order that your music will be a joy and pleasure to those surrounding From certain noises cutside your door and from the room above and the one below, you realize that there are people who do not appreciate music.



3. So you resolve that you will hereafter play by an open window and thus appeal to the larger and more appreciative audience of the surrounding neighborhood,



4. And when your landlady appears with a formal notice you realize that, while music may be one of the glorious arts, for you it is not worth the risk-MUSIC, BAH! WHAT'S THE USE? DOES IT PAY?

### A Midsummer Day's Dream.

MERMAID free, from the deep,

Wont you stay ashore and change

And let me dive to your dim retreat-Though here, my dear, I fear, my dear, And call the elegant flounder "Slabs!" You'd find our ways amazing queer, With our landmaids cinched in corsets,

even an eel had winced and

And our landmen strangled in collars

To cut their necks where the things are \_\_\_\_No mermaid there? . This dopey 

CO, Mermaid, please, let us find the

Where you never swelter and nevox freeze,

Where this mad July may frizzle by Oh, come to the heat of the breathless As in glaucous coolth we lazily lie, And tell the crabs they should ride in

And hear the tales of the travelled

And learn to what port the nautilus

And hourly swell the ocean knell For good sailors drowned—"Hark!— Ding, dong, bell."

All jammed in flats like burrowing rats, Gives one midsummer fancies and